THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN ALLEY TO SCULPTORS' COURT.

Cleanliness and Art Where All Was Dirt

Macdougal alley just four years ago, searching for a model for his "Youth" which the Japanese Government has since purchased, that section was the dirtlest, most

back yards of the aristocratic residences in deserted and dilapidated. Some were being utilized for wagons, and cart horses were occupying the stalls which once held the thoroughbred steeds of some of the "old families of New York." The old vine covered stable of the Alexander Hamilton Schuyler home was going to ruin. The

of air, crowded quarters and undesirable neighbors. The lack of a "soulptor's quarter" was sorely felt.

M. Triebel found his model and then turned to investigate the alley. The dirty, foul smelling court loomed up with wonderful possibilities for a studio quarter. The idea took possession of him that it might be transformed, and he went back to the studios of his fellow artists and told alluring tales of a future sculptors' court in Macdougal alley.

He told of the broad sweep of light without reflected gleams, of the open space and fresh air, then poisoned by uncleanliness, of the large old fashioned stables and barns, almost big enough to hold whole apartment houses, and made the predictive hand, or perhaps a barrel of comment or clay. But these are the only objects which mark the straight, clean path. Not lest interesting are the people one meets there. The residents, with one or two exceptions, give greeting in a foreign tongue, and following the old world atmosphere of the place have an air of ol

Cleanliness and Art Where All Was Dirt and Poverty—M. Triebel Discovered It and His Fellow Artists Completed the Change—But the Name Sticks.

When Triebel, the sculptor, wandered into Macdougal alley just four years ago, searching for a model for his "Youth" which be Jaconese Government has since purchased, that section was the dirtlest, most unattractive, undesirable in all New York that Mashington Square and less pretentious homes on Eighth street, were in many cases deserted and dilapidated. Some were being utilized for wagons, and cart horses were occupying the stalls which once held the thoroughbred steeds of some of the "old families of New York." The old vine covered stable of the Alexander Hamilton Schuyler home was going to ruin. The Cooper stable had been leased to a store. The haunt of back alley gamblers and the Triebel, and the two pioneers began their triebel, the studios of his efcliow artists and told alluring and to a further the pologone space for the point of the polar stables of the proving and the privilege of entering a house, studio, den, stable or whatever name you choose for the buildings and hade the prediction the house, and made the prediction the house, and made the prediction that five years would find the alley. You wade in macdougal alley. You wander into the immaculate little street, and the first door made the prediction that five years was a washened, but a glance into the enthusians made the p

BARBERS MEET IN THE ARENA

BATTLE WITH 10-INCH SHEARS AND BROAD RAZORS.

Thus Curcio and Solimine Fought for the Championship of the World in Jersey City-Shaves and Four Kinds of Hair Cuts for Sixteen Victims-Result & Tie.

The announcement that there would be shaving and hair cutting contest for the world's championship attracted more than 500 barbers to Wood's Hall in Jersey City one night last week. When they got to the hall they were very much disappointed to learn that they could not enter the contest because the committee decided to limit the contest to two men, Signor Charley Curcio, who had won several medals as a razor expert and known as the champion of Brooklyn, and Signor Augustini Solimine. a Jersey City barber who has held the world's record for shaving since the death of Luca Francis, New York's famous champion barber.

The committee explained that it would e utterly impossible to obtain sufficient whisker material for all of the barbers who were anxious to enter the contest The cause of the poor whisker crop was not frost, nor any weather conditions, but the fact that it had become fashionable in New Jersey for women to present safety razors to their male relatives on holidays. Two champions were introduced to the udience which besides the barbers contained several hundred women and half a hundred babies in perambulators. The

stage setting showed barber chairs, towels, shaving brushes, cups, lather, combs, shears and brushes. The contestants were attired in white linen suits, each having a breast coat pocket filled with razors. They eyed each other

The master of ceremonies announced that the first four rounds would be fought along the hair cutting lines, with ten inch hears. The remainder of the battle would

be shaving in four rounds with wide bladed razors. Each champion would have eight subjects to be operated on. The hair cuts would be in four styles, the Sing Sing cut or crop, the pompadour or French cut, the German, commonly known in Italian barber shops as the Tedesca, and the bad

boy's cut, known as the Lazzarone. After the judges had been selected the referee picked out two long-haired men from the audience and invited them to seats in the barber chairs. When they had placed themselves in position he shouted:
"Ready!"

the barber chairs. When they had placed themselves in position he shouted:

"Ready!"

With upraised shears the gladiators glared flercely at each other. Then they faced the audience and smilingly bowed.

"Go!" yelled the timekeeper, and the gladiators turned and made a fierce attack on the heads of the subjects with their shears, ploughing out great furrows of hair, which tumbled to the floor amid tremendous applause.

It was the Sing Sing round and each contestant knew that he had seven minutes to turn off a good job, the man making the best of it winning within the time limit. The clicking of the shears soon was drowned in the catcalls and cries of the multitude, who shouted cries of disappointment when the shears narrowly missed clipping an ear off or jabbing an eye out. Whenever the subject dodged one of these savage clips the crowd groaned disapproval of the dodge.

At the end of three minutes the Solimine man's head resembled a moth eaten rug, with fuzzy patches of hair here and there as if the moths had done their work hurrically to escape a charge of camphor balls. Louder and louder yelled the spectators.

"Curcio! Curcio!" they shouted, and, turning, the Brooklyn man again glared savagely at his opponent and then plunged his shears through space as if he intended to dig a tunnel from his man's forehead to the back of his neck.

"Two minutes, three, four, five, six," counted the timekeeper at the call of time, and with one clip of Curcio's man. It was like the pompon on a soldier's cap.

"Seven!" yelled the timekeeper, at the call of time, and with one clip of Curcio's shears the pompon disappeared.

"The man is proved and seed for the model's from the man is come and used for the model's from the man is a tree of the man is a proportion of military paraphernalia used in the rebellion. This is where M. Triebel does most of his military subjects.

All the studies in Macdougal alley are subjects.

All the studies in Macdougal alley are subjects where the model and the proportion of military paraphernalia

call of time, and with one clip of Curcio' shears the pompom disappeared At the same instant Curcio turned and At the same instant Curcle turned and
faced the audience. Solimine likewise
pivoting. Round one was over. It now
remained for the judges to decide as to
which had won the Sing Sing round.
"One of the contestants might win out by
a hair," explained the referee, for so far as
he could judge the Sing Sing heads closely

he could judge the Sing Sing heads closely resembled each other. In the other three hair cutting rounds he honors were about evenly divided, and

although they were very exciting, no blood Then the referee called for volunteers fo the shaving ordeal. The first man who volunteered was a six-footer who had a three weeks' growth of hair on his face. He climbed onto the stage and explained to the referee that he had been invited over from New York by a man who told him there

"Dey call me Grissle," he said, "and I'm from Tent' avenue, right from de frying pan of Hell's Kitchen.

Curcio glanced at the man and, approaching, examined his bristle like beard.

"It's all right," said Grizsle. "When you fellers git t'rough wid it yez kin sell de sweepings ter de Street Cleaning Department for de making of new brooms."

"I won't accept that beard for mine." said Curcio. "That beard would stick any man in a contest. I might break my razor on it."

any man in a contest. I might bleak my razor on it."

"I refuse to accept him for my chair," added Solimine.
But Grizzle took a seat in one of the chairs and the referee settled matters by tossing a coin to see who should shave Grizzle. Solimine got the wrong end of it and Grizzle went to his chair.

Curcio, however, found a minute later that he had a tough job on his hands, for a

that he had a tough job on his hands, for a middle-aged Italian who said he had not been shaved in six weeks, was planted in his chair. The victim said his name was

When the victims were ready the chairs were tilted, towels were adjusted about their necks and, amid cries of "So long, Grizzle!" and "Good-by, Pedro!" the referee

First round—Solimine threw an uppercut of lather into Grizzle's right eye. Grizzle ducked. Solimine jabbed his thumb into Grizzle's mouth and, getting a good grip, brought the razor across Grizzle's jaw with his powerful left.

Pedro steadied himself in Curcio's chair by clinching, but in a tussle that followed Curcio landed a right on Pedro's check and followed this up with a left to Pedro's windpipe, scattering flakes of lathered hair over the heads of the audience.

Pedro gasped for breath and turned to get a half-arm clip on Curcio's head, but the Brooklyn champion cleverly ducked and avoided it by changing the razor to his left First round-Solimine threw an uppercu

avoided it by changing the razor to his left hand and slashing the other side of Pedro's face while steadying Pedro with the strangle hold.

But it was Solimine's round. He showed speed and agility that he had never displayed before, and, much to the surprise of the cheering mob, he hacked the beard from the face of Grizzle without the aid of a Fire Department axe.

Time, one minute.
Second Round.—Sandy Davis in Curcio's chair and Red McGuire seconding Solimine.—Curcio fired a handful of scapeuds into

Sandy's mouth, and Sandy made a protest, which the referee ignored. In a break-away Curcio landed a half-arm clip, his razor scraping Sandy's right jaw as harshly as a trolley car going around Dead Man's Solimine lathered his man with both

hands and fore across his face with two razors, McGuire squirming for an opening to land Solimine in the wind. When time was called Solimine retired to his corner, plainly tired by his exertions in trying to keep McGuire from punching

him.
Third Round—Solimine came to with fire in his eye and a Jersey City unknown in his chair. Without the aid of a sponge or lather he landed a razor clip on the unknown's neck, sending over the heads of

the multitude a grating noise like the grinding of a ferryboat into her slip.

The unknown slid toward the floor, but Solimine followed him with another razor blow and very rapidly landed the unknown in retirement. in retirement.

Curcio, who had Hoboken Allen in his

chair, was getting in short strokes that counted. Hoboken in return clinched his man and held on to Curcio, who, much angered at the flight of time, shook him off and gave him several savage clips. In the final rush he gave his man two powerful clips, but the gave sounded and saved clips, but the gong sounded and saved Hoboken from a knockout.

Time, one minute.
Fourth Round—Solimine darted toward his chair like a bull. He landed Kid Kelly,

who was in the chair, twice, once with the lather brush and once with his razor, both times on the windpipe.

The Kid drew his head aside to avoid a third blow, and Solimine broke his razor blade on the Kid's cheek. The referee decided to let it go, but before the point had been decided Solimine had a new razor raging the Kid's law landing enother. nad been decided solimine had a new razor against the Kid's jaw, landing another half clip, and following this with a powerful slash across the chin, which proved to be a punishing blow, for the Kid cried aloud for mercy.

Curcio was struggling with Spunk O'Brien in his corner. He had slashed a sort of Park bridlepath across Spunk's left cheek and was mowing a Speedway across his chin when Spunk landed a blow in return on Curclo's abdomen. The blow had little effect, and Spunk clinched to save himself, but received a heavy uppercut on his left

He took the count of nine on one knee and as he tried to get up in his chair Curck slashed him a powerful blow over the neck. Curcio saw Solimine getting the best his man and tried desperately to stall off Spunk O'Brien, but Spunk kept squirming. Solimine delivered a terrible blow over Kid Kelly's wind, the exact duplicate of the blow that settled Fitzsimmons, and faced the audience like the triumphant gladiator that he proved himself to be, finishing his man in forty-three and a half econds, leaving Curcio still struggling eith Snunk O'Brien's whiskers

with Spunk O'Brien's whiskers.
The referee awarded the shaving bout to
Solimine and the judges awarded the hair
cutting bout to Curcio.
During the excitement following the
wind-up of the shaving bout, a woman, who was leaning over the gallery railing, fell on the heads of the crowd below.

TRAPS FOR DEBTORS. Indianapelis Plan for Tracing People

Who Don't Pay Installments Promptly. INDIAMAPOLIS, Nov. 14 .- A woman presented at the Interurban Railway station the other day a postal card which pur-ported to have been sent to her by the Interurban Express Company. It said that a valuable package was awaiting her and would be forwarded upon receipt of her street number.

As there is no Interurban Express Company in this city, the matter was pronounced an attempt to swindle and was referred to the police for investigation. The postal card gave a post office box

A little investigation by the detective department developed the fact that it was issued by a house that sells goods on the installment plan and that the object was to locate a debtor who had changed her residence and failed to notify the house of her new address.

The manager of an installment house said that it was not an infrequent occurrence for a collector to call at a house and find that the debtor sought had moved away and had notified no one where he was going. Attempts used to be made to locate such parties through the post office, but the officials invariably refused to give any information, saying that it was not the business of the post office to assist in finding debtors.

The installment houses then adopted the plan of sending out cards like the one

the plan of sending out cards like the one described, on the theory that the carrier would deliver it at the old address, where would deliver it at the old address, where the delinquent customer had ceased to live, and not finding him there it would be returned to the post office and given to carrier after carrier till it was delivered to the person for whom it was intended.

The recipient would attempt to find the office of the Interurban Express Company and, failing in this, would send a note to the company through post office box 232, which was the private box of the installment house sending out the notice.

Instead of having a valuable package delivered, the writer would be called upon by the collector and steps taken to prevent another move without notice.

another move without notice.
"The scheme works all right," said the manager of an installment house, "and we

manager of an installment house, "and we have found that very few persons to whom cards are sent fail to respond when they can't find the express office. Of course, we give no hint of the means used to trap them, and some of them are probably looking yet for the package.

"If the post office would give us the information, there would be no trouble, but it is a rule there not to give the addresses of persons, and so we are compelled to

of persons, and so we are compelled to send out the cards, knowing that they will go to carrier after carrier till the party is found. In this way the post office does us a favor for one cent that it would not do in any other way, and we get all we bar-gain for."

FETICH DOCTORS ON THE CONGO.

The Men Who Have Just Stirred Up a Re volt in the Free State.

A Sun despatch from London says that fetich doctors in the Lomami district of the Congo State, about 900 miles from the Atlantic, have stirred up many natives to revolt, fortifying their courage to this point by incantations which will render them invulnerable to the bullets of the whites. Fetichism is recognized as an impedi-

ment to progress on the Congo. Just as the Congo State has made the crimes of slave raiding, cannibalism and human sacrifices punishable with death, so it has placed the arts of the fetich doctor on the list of misdemeanors, and punishes these men when they are caught plying their These fellows live by their wits. They

pelief in witchcraft and many other harmful superstitions. Any one is likely to be accused of being a witch if he happens to have property that is coveted by the chief or the fetich dector or has incurred the hatred of some one whom the fetich man desires to please. The natives believe that the person thus accused is a wizard, and when he takes the poison test, and staggers and falls under the influence

of the drug, his guilt is considered as established, and the bystanders rush at him and beat him to death. Dr. Bentley of the Baptist missions wrote

while ago that many hundreds of terrible stories of this kind with much variety of detail might easily be collected. He told of a case on the lower Congo where eighteen men were compelled to suffer death because a fetich doctor accused them of causing the death of six men who had been drowned by the upsetting of their cance As fast as the influence of the Congo

State is extended over its vast domain the authorities are making much trouble for the fetich doctor by diminishing his prestige and punishing him for practising his art. So he regards white men as his special enemies and, if possible, stirs up the natives against them.

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To all Men who Write to the Heldel-berg fledical Institute, St. Paul. Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electro-Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send postage stamp.



The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalize at \$100,000, is the Largest and Richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving awa thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Beit

thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electro-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,076 alling men recently restored to vim. vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures Rheumatim. Lumbago, Lame Back. Nervous Exhaustion, Varico-cele, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve-Force and many either aliments. It is worth from \$30 to \$50 to any one. It is given a way absolutely free by the master specialist to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity. "SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."

CASE 1755. Eighteen years ago I first poticed sympo-"SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."

CASE 1793. Eighteen years ago I first noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. That plans in my back, and apent many restless nights. I had no control of my faculties, so that I was always at a disadvantage in whateverl undertook. I have been using the Liectro-Chemic treesment of the Heid cloery Medical Institute abouts; weeks and I consider myself cured once more, and to be well is worth all a man has.

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HEIDELBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE Fifth and Robert Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN,

A NANCY STORIES.

Tales Nurses in the West Indies Have Been Telling Children for Generations.

VII. WHY PITCHWARY TEASE JOHN CROW.

You know, chillun, how de little pitch-wary bird allus fly 'pon poo' old John Crow buzzard bald pate, an' tease an peck

an' worry him till him bleed. Now, listen, good chillun, an' mek me tell you how dat queer ting come about.

Long time ago, when all de little birds was good frens, Breder John Crow got jealous ob dem, an' did all him could to dribe dem out of him country. Him used for eat dem agos, an' dem pickney an'

dribe dem out of him country. Him used fe eat dem eggs an' dem pickney, an' mash up dem house, an' tell lies 'bout dem to de oder big birds.

So one day all de little birds dem get togeder and dem say:

"Breder John Crow him bad man, an' we mus' try fe kill him, so fe mek us lib peaceful an' like good Christians."

Now all de little birds was afraid of John Crow, seein' him was such a big man, an' dem didn't know how dem was goin' manage fe kill him, till little Breder Pitchwary draw himself up quite mannish an' say:

keep alive faith in the efficacy of charms,

say:
"Me am a brave man, breders, but me too small fe kill John Crow, so me will mek him life a worry to him."

All de oder birds clap dem hands and call Breder Pitchwary "Good man!" an' "Brave man!" an' puff up poo' Pitchwary so much wid pride dat him nearly bust.

Nex' time when Pitchwary an' him fambly was takin' a marnin' fly, dem come 'pon poo' John Crow sittin' 'pon a fence. 'pon poo' John Crow sittin' 'pon a fence "Good marnin', Breder John Crow," say Pitchwary.

Him no get no answer.
"Good marnin', Breder John Crow."

John Crow neber answer him, but si up blinkin' scornful at de little bir Pitchwary pitch 'pon him back and per him. John Crow tek no notice, so Pitch

wary peck him 'pon him wing.

"A weh dis now?" say John Crow to himself, but him no speak out loud to show Pitchwary him hurt Pitchwary peck him 'pon de oder wing John Crow jump one side. Pitchwary peck him 'pon him bald head. John Crow slowly draw out him spectacle an' lock 'yon him.

"You little fool," him say. "Why you

you common birds mussn' trouble big gentleman?" Dis vex Pitchwary properly, an' him an' all him fambly pitch 'pon poo' John Crow an' peck him an' mek him bleed all

An' dis is why Pitchwary always tease John Crow up to dis day.

RECALLS

So they raised each other back and forth

"I have five deuces!" said Augusta, and she showed them. That is to say, she

deuce, and five deuces beat four tens-in the Avenue d'Antin. The Briton took it better than you migh

with various fortune.

At last there came another portly jack

pot. We saw the Englishman's face brighten. The jackpot being opened, some one raised it, and the Englishman raised Augusta dropped, but a young thing

who ought to have been in bed stayed with him so hard that they got again to writing paper, making I OU's before the

"I begin to see the beauty of that two spot rule of yours," he observed pleasanty

thing.
"A straight flush," he answered.
have the two, three, four and five of spades
and I call the queen of diamonds the joke -that is to say, I call it the six of spades'
Two, three, four, five, six!"
"But wait," they all explained, "you have no other two spot in your hand.

It was in vain that they read the rule

your hand you may call any other card the joker."

His vision was blinded. His eyes were sealed. But being a gentleman, he soon pretended to understand and said it was a good joke on himself. Only the next day he got a telegram that took him to Versailles to see his auty.

POKER IN PARIS

> The National Game up Against a French Pack of Cards and French Experts. & & & & &

> > particularly."

jetons here in Paris.

man from Georgia bitterly.

Paris, Nov. 8 .- Four English-speakine ondly, because the waiter came up very men desired to while away an hour in play- solemn, at the moment the man from Georgia ing poker on the Paris Boulevard. They stepped into the Grand Café and asked for cards and chips.

rougher element which was creeping in

To-day Macdougal alley is one of the

cleanest spots in all New York. Men of

means and women of high social position

can be seen there every day. On the stable doors, now freshly painted, there are

antique knockers, modern electric bells

and neat little brass or silver plates, which

inform one that within is the abode of

"M. Triebel, sculptor," or "O'Connor, sculptor," or Martiny, Lentelli, Breshen, Hausten, Mazetti, Bush-Brown or Ballien, all of whom are doing their life work in Macdougal alley. This is the story of its

when M. Triebel was working on his

Eleventh and Macdougal streets. Their

The waiter brought a green velvet mat, a French pack without indicators in the corners and a willow basket full of odds and ends. Some of the chips were round, some square, some oblong, some white, some red, some green, some yellow and som chocolate color

Only one man of the party was familiar with the French pack. While essentially it is like any other, it has trifling details all its own. Therefore, this one man won the first five pots; and conversation started up: girl at the desk, we learned something "Why, hang it," said the youth who imagined he had filled and had not, "these queens have whiskers!"

The jacks look like queens, and the kings look like Anarchists. "What have I got here?" inquired the possessor of a straight.

He spread the five cards on the green velvet mat. "By the time I look at the third card I have forgotten the first," he complained. All the picture cards have names, to help you remember them. The kings are Alex-

Argine. The jacks are Lancelot, Lahire Hogier and Hestor. No, sir!" said the man from Georgia, "you can't make Lancelot, Argine, David

He was right, though he had no call to get so hot. Nor can David, Charles and Argine with a pair of deuces beat aces up. Argine is the queen with whiskers; and she

The details may be passed in silence; first, because we all know better now, and, sec-

MACDOUGAL ALLEY.

rougher element which was creeping in from south of the park, renowned only for its squalor, the alley presented a scene calculated to jar the nerves of M. Triebel's artistic temperament.

It was early morning when he entered the alley, and some of the inhabitants of the court were still in the land of nod in the hay lofts and under unused wagons. Triebel's model was occupied in a crap game. The whole place was given up to filth and decay, the old cobbleway foul smelling and broken, and much of the refuse of the stables was strewn about. Poverty and dirt distinguished the inhabitants.

To-day Macdougal alley is one of the

are heroic forms towering to the old oak rafters.

Macdougal alley from the exterior is

Macdougal alley from the city, and the inunlike any other in the city, and the in-terior of its buildings probably could not be duplicated in any alley in the world. Every one of the eighteen, ten of which are occupied by studios, are newly painted or whitewashed. Some are vine covered. The artistic dust of ages here and there contrasts pleasingly with the newness of

The old walnut carriage house door is ine old wainut carriage house door is just the same as when it was made half a century ago. The hayloft with bird nested eaves has not been destroyed, and even the old pulley which once raised the feed has not been taken away. But the loft destroyed in the loft and the same properties of the loft destroyed. composition of "Youth" and was directed to Macdougal alley for an "ideal model," many of the sculptors were on Twelfth, door has given place to a studio window and the roofs are broken by well adjusted lights. Here and there in the alley one some-times sees a block of marble waiting for studios were unsatisfactory in many respects. There were conflicting lights, lack

was cashing in, and said with frigid polite-

"One play not poker; that is defended all

"It's not poker: don't worry," said the

"Thousand regrets," the waiter con-

tinued. "It must that I take the throwers,"

with which he laid his hands upon the

basketful of odds and ends which they call

In our indignation with the waiter we

forgot our quarrel over the bearded lady.

and, carrying our grievance to the pretty

about the present rules of poker at the

Grand Café. Rule 1-Attract no attention.

It was not always thus. Five years ago,

between the hours of 3 and 7 of every after-

noon, you could count from five to fifteen

tables where the jetons rattled, where men

The café, then as now, supplied French

packs of cards free, but the players, being

wise, bought packs with indicators from

the waiter at a dollar each and gave them

skinned their cards with furtive haste.

That is all: but it is imperative.

labor of making a "Donatello court" of has been boarded, and here and there are

All the studios in Macdougal alley are supplied with a little nook cut off from the main room, and used for the model's room and as a buffet. At the lunch hour the clay workers and the hired models there repare their feast.
Only one cloud that did not belong to the

ago when some one suggested that "Mac dougal alley" was an exceedingly plebeian name for such a haunt and a ridiculous name at that. Mr. Bush-Brown undertook to change it to "Donatello Court. Some of the artists laughed.

Some of the artists laughed.

He was to prepare a petition which the artists who wanted to work in "Donatello" Court" instead of Macdougal alley would sign. However it seemed that most of the artists liked it best as plain Macdougal alley. So with no little pride the artists have placed that name on their stationery and their studios, to stay.

"Table-staak? Twen'-fi' dollar?"

miliar with the thirty-two card game.

francs and let me go.

From that moment it was straight knock-

The first man anted ten cents; the second

straddled; the third straddled that; so that

it cost me 80 cents to come in. All three

drew cards always. Then two of them

always dropped out, after which they held

"If I had drawed three cards, I'd 'a made

You know the way. I was supposed to

be busy raising back the other player,

so as not to notice this barefaced monkey-

ing. So the pack was always ready for

My foolish pride being engaged, the prob-

lem with me became at once how to make

my thirty france last longest. I desired

to die hard. So I bet only on my own deal.

I could see this disconcerted them for

another reason. Obviously they did not

trust one another; so that when, to keep

up appearances when I dropped out, they

bet among themselves the winner was

scowled at by the two others, and swift

peremptory whispers passed. I'll bet they

had a hot time settling up when I had gone.

Thus I saw three deals round and then

my thirty francs were gone. They did not

These were the old days, when poker

was getting its foothold in Paris. It was

promiscuous and crooked.

ask me to look in some other afternoon.

the next deal. They passed the cut neatly.

"I ought not 'a' held the kicker-see!"

an inquest over their dead hands

brelan." [Three of a kind.]

I will say that for them.

down and no time wasted. They had

sized me up. They would take my thirty

artistic colony of Macdougal alley ever rested upon it. That was a few months

was a chance of getting a free shave. tables, playing honest poker, as the thing | will risk its being opened by some other I was let into a game with flattering courtesy. The mother-of-pearl chips were zoes, after their own fashion. Mr. Pat sheedy, during the Exposition summer of 1900, spoke of it contemptuously as "French poker" and "a show-down." Yet gested the man with the red necktie.

I said: "No, give me thirty francs' worth you and I were playing poker with Mr. for a starter." I wanted to get a little faheedy we might thank heaven for the

safeguards of this show-down.

As to the other details of the French game-well, it is a French game. To begin they take out the twos, threes and fours from the pack. This is not done, as you might think, to throw the newcomer out of his calculations, nor is the object to make the pack small enough for easy stacking. The French, in many of their card games, are so used to the écarté, or suchre, pack of thirty-two cards that fifty-two cards seemed too many for them. at the start, when they learned poker.

Yes, and, child-like, they desired to have good hands! Hence the compromise. It is true that when you play six-handed and often when you play five-handed you must shuffle up the deadwood to com olete the draw, a detail not unfavorable to monkeying. Was this thought of at the beginning? I believe not. And now they

are hardened in their way. The twos, threes and fours being taken from the pack, pairs, two pairs, threes, straights and fulls are easier to get, while the flush only remains as hard to get as ever. According to these new conditions, herefore, a straight beats two pairs, three of a kind beats a straight, a full house beats three of a kind, and a flush beats a 'ull house.

It is a jack pot game all through, and table stakes, with permission to buy more chips only after losing the last one in front of you. Every one has a right to a sight for his money, and every one may be aised the amount he has in sight.

In the smaller games in the Piot base nent and elsewhere, it is the habit for each

There may be small room for bluffing in such a game; yet it will be found to take a certain ne ve to play it for all there is.

That mean hand-two small pairs-can be

filled so much more easily when the twos,

threes and fours are taken from the pack.

that questions of nice judgment arise continually; and four card straights become so much more common that bewilderment Indeed one-card draws are the most common; and what can you tell from a one-card draw? Is he filling two pairs? Is he filling a straight? Is he filling a flush? Is he holding ace or king as a hopeful kicker with three of a kind?-which itself beats a straight. He may quite possibly

catch the other ace or king. Or has he four of a kind? In clubs, the freeze-out facilities of table stakes have developed quite a curious régime, recalling and naturally growing out of the blackboard practice of club baccarat.

The blackboard may be but a slip of paper hanging from a gilded hook on the wall. A clerk in charge of it writes down your name, if you want to play poker.
There are, let us say, four poker tables.
At each one a game with five players is in full blast. How are you to get into one

of them? of them?
Go to the blackboard clerk, as you would do if you wanted a seat at baccarat. He writes your name, under that of the last applicant before you.

Soon there will come news from one of the poker tables that some player has been frozen out. The blackboard clerk reads out the first name on the waiting list. And

When it comes your turn, you take the when it comes your turn, you take the seat assigned you, at this table or the other, just vacated by the frozen-out one. You buy fifty francs' worth of chips, no more and no less. You play those chips. When they are lost you quit, to make room for

language meaning a cold blooded robber. How different it all is from the pensionpoker, that is to say the colony-poker, with which most tourists get to be familiar and which constitutes one of the alleviations of our exile. of our exile.

Here it is all friendly and gracious; and
the presence of the ladies—wait and you
will see! It is only in accordance with the

Paris that the feminine shall rule in all Thus in one of the smartest boarding of the American quarter, the nightly game of poker was long ago captured by the fair ones, who proceeded to trim it up to the prevailing mode of millinery. "Blazes," 2-4-8-8-10 straights, "roodles," 'lu-lus," "rang-doodles" and jokers soon gave it a weird name; and brothers and husbands began staying out of nights to keep away from it.

A reform was necessary, and women agreed to it. One feature, however, dear to their adventurous hearts, they would be their adventurous hearts, they would be their adventurous hearts. It must to their adventurous hearts, they would not give up. This was the joker. It must be poker with the joker! Thus a slight misunderstanding came about one night.

As the French packs we played with had no joker in them, the girls had made the deuce of spades—the little cassino—stand for that card of doom which you may call anything you please. Long habit had so accustomed them to it that they no longer marked it with a pencil: "This is

keep away from it.

longer marked it with a pencil: "This is the Joker!" as they did at first. But shortly previous to this, one bright girl had discovered that a grave injustice was being done in this way to the other two-spots of the pack. With the joker you could have five kings, or queens, or anything; but you could only have four devices!

Evidently there ought to be another deuce. Thereupon they made this plain rule: If you have a deuce and the joker in your hand, you may call any of the other cards the joker. Of course, these exceptional features con-

Of course, these exceptional features confused new men somewhat.

"It is to equalize the game," the ladies said. "You play better than we do!"

To which, obviously, there was no reply but to look pleasant. The trouble came with an unimaginative Britisher. Mastering the uses of the joker with difficulty, he failed altogether to remember the extra virtue of the joker-with-the-two-spot.

It was a fat jack. A sprightly damsel named Augusta, now an opera star, held the deuce of clubs, the deuce of spades (the joker), and the queen of hearts.

Some one opened it. The Briton raised.

*Look, I'll show you two of my cards Mhereupon she laid down the nine o whereupon she laid down the line of spades and the deuce of hearts.

As the Englishman had four tens, he argued thus: "I've got her beat. She can only have four nines or four deuces. I'll give her a lesson!"

until it came to writing paper. There must have been \$73 in the pot before be until it. stopped in pity, saying:
"My poor child, I can't allow you to go en
Really! See, I have four tens!"
"Stop!" said Augusta. "Do not touch
that gold!"

showed four deuces and a nine spot.

The other girls explained that she warright. They quoted the rule: "If yo have a deuce and the joker in your hand. you may call any other card the joker
"And I call the nine spot the jo said Augusta.

We had to "give her reason," as they say
in French. The nine spot becoming the
joker, she had the right to use it as a fifth

have expected. So the game went

draw!
The young thing stood pat. So did the Britisher. He raised her once to give her arrangement. as he laid down the deuce of spade joker), the three, four and five or spaces and the queen of diamonds.
"What have you there?" asked the young

"If you have a deuce and the

Versailles to see his aunt. And he ne

she does. girl, as they Mary sen vitations to bly already hour and ha coming funct to meet any d her little affa be informal, The gown be naturally re that she consi long hours and the cate If she is t

and her sleep by matching If the wall pe chopped per top of each; mayonnáise. She remer the lot, trust his special ti fled that it i buys bonbon color and flav ing of the que be a combin with things to

oft and lov lighted corne

to give a coti termines and in turn, give with forfeits smarter and She aliena she is unable ing her care who are inv to Mary, t race, a very When a r this way.

John has h parties his then to their it is about ti John does sided. Whe quartet of calls, they, "Why don Bsk. "Mr. bachelor ro had the time

PETER D A Runawa

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Efforts

which few the time of whites and frontier. The wom the Omaha Lizzie Mite Dick, the negro, blac physique. Peter wa who lived most slave his master, severity w Peter wa and one n

altercation the stable. the Colonel of the hous him farew as it has col "Fah-you well. I'se gwine to l deem you next time and if you enough of Peter Die stolen cl darkness.

hood and enabled h had bloodh on the hor Peter go but the lat line where flat betwe

they are lost you quit, to make room for some other person on the waiting list.

It is astonishing what one may win with luck and skill at such a game. I have seen hardened Paris-Americans, thoroughly familiar with the forty card deck and the French game, continue playing at one table for five hours.

As their winnings increased, so increased As its vogue grew two things happened back at the end of the game. So the waiter Players were developed in great numbers, player to start with \$4 worth of chips. andre, David, Charles and Casar. The favored them. So the house welcomed and gross stacking became dangerous. The French are careful in their gambling, them. Fifteen tables, fifteen dollars, not queens are Rachel, Judith, Pallas and to speak of the drinks and cigars. There On the other hand the public and pro The dealer puts up a franc chip, the only miscuous games made their reputation, was no kitty except that agreed on by the players for their own purposes. and café proprietors grew shy. From this ante. The players generally pass on a pair. As their winnings increased, so increased period began developing the club games though now and then you will see a sport Such an institution did these games also their chances of winning. They cruelly bluffed out the timid and the loath to leave Some one opened it. The Briton raised Augusta raised him back. He raised Augusta. And Augusta came back on him and the semi-club games played in certain open a jack pot on two aces. Two and two nines beat a pair of tens!" become that groups of players kept fine boxes of expensive mother-of-pearl chips cafés among bona fide poker amateurs. pairs are only good to draw to, not to bet As, one by one, the players with less capital lost their all and were forced to quit their same became so much more solid. with their favorite waiter, and their table Such is the game still played in the base Then they drew cards. The others had their game became so much more solid, because those who had lost and left had lost and left their chance to get back at was reserved for them day after day. Ex-"Allez!" they say. "Go!" or "Passe!" nent of Piot's billiard academy in the Rue Vivienne. You cannot sit in without some or "To you!" meaning that they simply I, myself, in those early days got up pass, non-committal, for the moment. wrecked that game. sort of introduction. Augusta drew a nine.
I think I said that this was ladies' poker bening hands are so common that the seessor of a pat flush we'll up to the dealer man's game, "business man" in the French Here every afternoon and night sit twenty Opening hands are so common that the against the experts once. I wanted to see how they did it Frenchmen, for the most part, at four